

CHAPTER NINE





*“No, not like-”*

*“Would you j—you’ve got it backwards, and...”*

“Yeah, there we go.” Brooks sounded satisfied, happy to direct traffic, as he laid back down on the changing table again, arms behind his head and a grin on his face as his boyfriend held his ankles up and slipped a fresh diaper under his raised butt. It wasn’t the first time a novice babysitter had struggled to change his diaper, after all. To say that the wolf was guilty of back-seat diapering would not be an overstatement.

“Are you this picky with your dad?” Jackson mumbled, mostly to himself, as he pulled his boyfriend’s tail through the hole in the seat of the diaper, plastic backing crinkling noisily with every motion. Finally, he let Brooks’ butt down to settle snugly into the soft cushion under his hips. He smirked between the wolf’s legs, letting his grumpy façade slip for a moment as a smirk tugged at the corner of his mouth. “He’d probably spank you or something.”



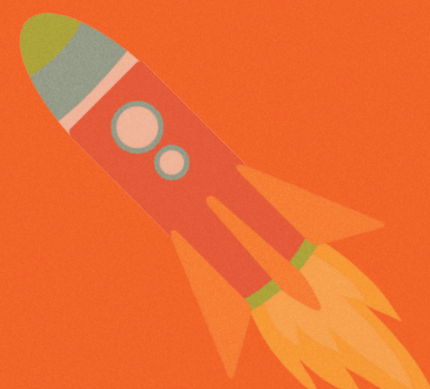


“Gimme a break, whiskers...” Brooks rolled his eyes just about hard enough to pull a muscle, rubbing his forearm across his nose and reaching down to ‘adjust’ himself before Jackson started powdering him. The coolness and softness, and the familiar scent made him relax instinctively, breathing a sigh and spreading his thighs a little wider. “My dick woulda been sticking out the tailhole if you had your way.”



“I’M gonna spank you if you don’t shut it.” Jackson snorted, but he couldn’t keep himself from chuckling at the mental image. After wiping his powder-stained paws on Brooks’ lower belly, the cougar grabbed the front of the diaper and settled himself with another deep breath before pulling it up between the wolf’s legs, the bulk of his padding keeping them slightly spread, and the legbands of the diaper hugging his boyfriend’s thighs in the most tantalizing way. “Bottom tapes first, right?”

“Yeah, that’s how pops does it with these night-time diapers.” Brooks confirmed, nice and comfortable on his back; he was watching carefully, but allowing Jackson to work mostly unhindered. Tapes were the trickiest part after all, and last thing he needed was a crooked diaper to spring a leak on the couch again. Staying mostly still, though unable to keep the tip of his tail from thumping on the changing table, the wolf watched as Jackson wrapped the diaper snugly around his hips, the softness, sounds, and intimate contact making him shiver again. “I like the one-tapes better, but I guess these are for overnight or whatever.”







“Makes sense. Alright, left side...” The cougar peeled the tape back until it popped free of its landing, then pulled Brooks’ diaper tighter around his hips and stuck it carefully in place on the printed front panel. With a hand on the wolf’s waistband, holding his diaper in place like he’d seen his boyfriend’s dad do, he repeated the process on the other side to seal up the bottom of his diaper. “And right side.”

“Halfway done. Don’t trip at the finish line.” Never one to stay quiet for long, Brooks couldn’t help but loll his tongue and wiggle his eyebrows in amusement, causing Jackson to roll his eyes again. With the foundation of the diaper secured, it was much easier for the cougar to manage the top tapes, and to his credit, Brooks behaved himself and stayed still. “Guess you ain’t so bad at this, after all.”



“Nah, that wasn’t too hard.” Jackson confirmed with a sigh of relief once the last of the tapes were sealed into place. Grinning, he patted the front of the thick diaper, puffing baby powder from the legbands. “One well-diapered boyfriend, ready to go.”

“Dork…” Brooks sat up on the changing table, twisting from side to side to check the fit of his diaper, then smiled and held out his arms like he wanted Jackson to pick him up. The cougar couldn’t help but oblige, leaning in to grip the young wolf in a bone-crushing hug before kissing him on his nose and pulling him back up to his feet. “Thanks whiskers, I’ll have to return the favor sometime.”

“Y-Yeah, we’ll see about that.” Jackson chuckled, blushing unexpectedly from the offer, and slid a hand down the wolf’s back to squeeze the back of his diaper. The two lingered in a hug for a moment longer, reluctant to part, before the cougar untangled himself from Brooks’ grip and looked towards the stairs. “Think I hear somethin’”

“Huh?” Brooks squinted an eye and tilted his head a little to the side to listen as intently as he could to whatever might be making noise downstairs. All he heard was the rumble of an evening train on the tracks just behind the neighborhood, and he frowned in confusion. “I don’t hear nothin’. You got your signals crossed, Jax.”

“No, I hear something downstairs.” The cougar scratched an ear, trying not to laugh. “Pretty sure it’s your Xbone.”

“Jaaaackson.”

The cougar put on a frail, ghostly voice, even wiggling his hands.

“Please kick Brooks’ annoying ass at Dog of Doom Siiiiix.”

“You WISH you could kick my ass at anything.” The wolf laughed out loud, slapping Jackson on the ass and bumping the cougar with his shoulder as he moved past him, out of the bedroom and towards the stairs. “Let’s get a pizza too, save us from my dad’s cooking. Make a whole night of it.”





★ **THE END** ★

“Sounds good to me.” Jackson grinned to himself, happy to watch Brooks walk in front of him for a moment before following him downstairs.